



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC

Published Semi-Monthly



Vol. II. No. 13
MAY 1, 1900

DAVID C. PREYER, Editor and Publisher
13 West 28th Street, New York

PRICE TEN CENTS
Subscription, \$2.00 Foreign, \$2.50

Entered at the New York Post-Office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 6, 1899.

The art season is closing. Owing to engagements abroad for literary work, it will be impossible for the editor to publish *THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC* during the summer months. It is known, however, that nothing of especial interest occurs in the art world here during this period: all eyes will be turned to Paris.

To take the place of the four summer numbers to be omitted, I intend to have appear on the first of October a special edition:

THE PARIS EXPOSITION SOUVENIR ALBUM.

This number will be of one hundred pages, with an edition of 20,000, will be sold at all news stands for 25 cents, but will be sent to all subscribers as Vol. II., Number 14, of *THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC*. It will contain a record of all that has transpired here and abroad in the art world during the summer. The important sales that will have taken place will be recorded. It will be richly illustrated, and matters will be treated of along the usual lines of this magazine. It will contain such features as to make it a valuable souvenir of the Paris Exposition.

* * *

A friend sends me a catalogue of an auction sale with the legend written on the fly-leaf, "Fun for the Editor."

It was the catalogue of a sale held last week in Buffalo of a collection going by the name of the late F. A. Wilbur of Narragansett Pier, R. I. It was under the direction of Ludovic Spiridon.

Little did I think when a few weeks ago I referred to fakirs "of the Spiridon stripe," that so soon "the snake would be wriggling in the grass." This is the same collection, more or less, that was sold in New York at the Fifth Avenue auction rooms in March, 1897, and again in Philadelphia in January, 1899, as being the collection of Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball of Cleveland, to which collection I referred a year ago. A "Wilbur" collection appeared also at Schenck's place in Liberty street in February, 1898. In all of these collections the wily Spiridon was interested, so that we see that for the past four years this art dispenser each year dished up his fakes—hoping that in a year much would be forgotten. The audacity of the

man goes far, however, when he has written a laudatory article, with atrociously spelled artists' names, calling the collection "a superlatively fine lot of paintings," and expressing the hope that "the Buffalo homes and gallery" (the new Albright gallery is intended here, *sic!*) "will be the richer for the dispersal of the Wilbur collection." This column and a half article, signed by a "Frederic R. Wheeler," appeared in *The Buffalo* (N. Y.) *Express* of April 22, just before the sale.

Although I have received much information as to the methods by which these copies and fraudulent pictures have been manufactured, it is not necessary to enter into further detail. The man has at various times been exposed, and I have frequently during the past eighteen months warned against his practices.

* * *

Is it not about time that legal means be provided to suppress this traffic? Mr. Louis Windmüller a year ago wrote for this magazine an article entitled "Flimflam Art in Flaunty Frames," in which he inveighed against "the band of villains who manufacture and sell deceptive imitations." The "Tisdall Collection" sale had just been held at the Silo place in Fifth avenue, and had been riddled by all the reputable art writers in the city, especially by the critic of the *Evening Sun*, who said: "Seldom has a finer set of palpable forgeries been offered to a trusting public."

Since then many sales of like pretensions and like worth have been held, and some places up town as well as down town are notorious for the unmitigated fraudulency which is in the air, and the gross and audacious swindles which are perpetrated. The most virulent snarls which these damnable frauds sometimes utter, are intended to intimidate honest men. Police courts, political wire-pulling, club chicanery are made tributary to shield methods that are infamous.

And yet the truth may not always be spoken. Under the present laws we dare not proclaim from the housetops what is done in the dark. I know, for instance, the name of an artist of somewhat present renown who got his start in life by copying foreign pictures and forging the signatures. I have the names of two men who sold these pictures as genuine works, knowing these to be forgeries. There is a so-called expert who under his own guarantee personally sells paintings for collectors of daubs and fakes. There is a certain auction place where pictures are sold as coming from celebrated French artists, which the auctioneer himself has carried away, still wet of paint, from the studio of an uptown half-starved artist.

And so the trickery goes on—but names may not be spoken.

An auctioneer, referring to the Spiridon fake, says: "Pic-

ture selling is as unchristian as trading in horses." This is a pretty way of whipping the devil around the stump.

But it is no such thing.

There are honest dealers, honest artists, honest collectors. But be warned against the "gem in the gutter" hunter, the sleek collector for auction purposes, the self-puffed artist, the nondescript auctioneer.

And again I say, there should be a law against the forging and selling of fake pictures.

* * *

The close of the season rarely brings forth new things at the dealers' galleries, but at the Schaus emporium some of the latest and best work of Julian Rix may be noticed. There is also a recently imported Kaulbach "Girl and Dog," which is in handling without fault and most charming as a picture. Fritz von Uhde shows also a "Flight into Egypt" in the same manner he presented the "Last Supper," which is published by Hanfstaengl, viz., the holy family sitting in a German forest, being dressed in present-day peasant garments, the mother even having the blonde Marguerite braids hanging down her back. It is a revival of the Italian practice of the Renaissance, which, with present archaeological knowledge, may not be commended—Tissot does these things in a better way.



W. VERPLANCK BIRNEY.

The Spring Exhibition at the Katz Gallery on Columbus avenue is, as far as the character of the work shown there is concerned, with its forty-two examples, an Academy exhibition in miniature. The best names, like Murphy, Minor, Crane, Wiggins and others are associated there with those not so good.

A special feature are the eight canvases by W. Verplanck Birney, which show the strong and weak points of this progressive man. He lacks sureness and correctness of drawing, as in "Entre Nous," but his excellent management of light is demonstrated in all these compositions, whether in interiors or outdoor subjects.

The "Sunshine in the Woods," by R. M. Shurtleff, has that unique charm which breathes in every canvas this master touches. Here is a man who patiently works and waits, and will yet be recognized as one of our strongest, most virile American artists. His time is surely coming; for no other man affixes that cachet of individuality to his work as is done by this modest veteran of great parts.

The "New Moon," by Frederick W. Kost, has a tenderness of feeling and delicate touch which is not always seen in his work. The landscapes by Bristol and Rehn are unusually satisfactory.

Two portraits are shown by Charles F. von Salza, who has

recently come from Chicago to the metropolis. This Scandinavian artist has an eminent faculty for limning the human countenance, although his posing and drawing of the torso is far from satisfactory, being evidently too much hurried. The face of Robert C. Minor, the artist, looking out of one of the frames, is, however, a speaking likeness, with all the kindly scrutiny of the eyes and the well marked lines of our great landscapist.

Equal in artistic merit with this collection are some specially designed frames, among which is to be noted a frieze frame for Luca della Robbia's "Singing Boys," which is both unique and appropriate to the platino tint of this reproduction. The small gallery is one worthy of a visit not only from the West Siders, but from all those interested in American art.

* * *

I regret not to be able to give in this number a critical review of the exhibition of the Society of Landscape Painters now open at the American Art Galleries, the press view taking place on the day this number is being printed.

Such work as I have seen at the studios of the artists represented leads me to surmise that the present exhibition will surpass the one held last year. The following are the members of this society: George H. Bogert, William A. Coffin, Walter Clark, Bruce Crane, Charles H. Davis, R. Swain Gifford, Frederick W. Kost, J. Francis Murphy, Robert C. Minor, Leonard Ochtman, Walter Palmer, Carleton Wiggins.

* * *

The spring opening of the Metropolitan Museum was an unusually noteworthy affair. Progress has been made so far as loan and bequest collections permit, to gather schools of artists in separate galleries.

Many additions have been made by purchase, bequest, or loan, among the latter being eight canvases from the collection of Mr. F. O. Matthiesen. The "Holy Family" of Rubens was reproduced in the last number, the "Portrait of a Man" by the same artist is not as good an example of the great Fleming's work. The Murillo "Mary Magdalen at Prayer" is in his early manner and a magnificent specimen. A "Portrait of Antonio Grimani, Doge of Venice," by Titian, presents some of that master's more virile characteristics with all his rich, deep coloring.

A "Study of a Cow," by Constant Troyon, loaned by Mrs. Anna Woerishoffer, although but a sketch, gratifies as much as her "Mauve" which has been here some time. The "Grand Canal," by Turner, from the Cornelius Vanderbilt bequest, hangs in the same gallery.

* * *

The closing exhibition of the Union League Club presented a novelty in offering a dozen watercolors from the collection of Mr. John Howard McFadden, all but one being by British artists not generally known here. The single exception is a watercolor painting by Rosa Bonheur, from which, it is said, she painted her large canvas, "The Horse Fair," now in the Metropolitan Museum.

The men represented are those who gave watercolor painting its great vogue in England long before the modern Dutch took away the crown of excellence in this medium. They are Hamilton Macallum, Samuel Prout, whose work was voluminously annotated by John Ruskin in 1880, R. Anderson, Louis Haghe, Thomas Sidney Cooper, Birket Foster, J. M. W. Turner, in his early manner, and Copley Fielding, who was at his best in seapieces and aerial effects, as shown here in a magnificent sky.

Some decorative work by Will H. Low, seen in ten pictures from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," possess all the grace and finesse of this painter's usual products, and served to fill out an exhibition of significant importance.

Rustic cottages, pollard willows, beech trees and bending rushes; the yellowish or warmish green parts of distant meadows; the playing light in wooded dells; drinking kine or flocking sheep; cool breezes of the morning or the soberness of leaden gray clouds chased about or compact and heavy—such are the counterfeits of nature shown in the Club Exhibition of oil paintings at the Salmagundi. They are relieved by some figure work, not yet numerous, nor, with one or two exceptions, as strong, but giving the earnest of better things. Here and there it is indicated that the figure men may yet crow chanticleer over the landscapists. A weak head and a bad heart are requisite to have the crooked qualification of discovering defects only, when taste and feeling will discover beauties, perhaps not yet developed, but present nevertheless. One man's meat is another man's poison—if one of these eighty paintings does not suit you, turn to a dozen others and be satisfied.

This exhibition is the best one ever held by the club.

May be the Inness, Jr., and Proctor prizes had something to do with this. These gentlemen each offered three hundred dollars, Mr. Proctor for the best figure picture, Mr. Inness for the best painting not a figure subject. The first reserving the crowned canvas to himself, the latter generously donating it to the club. The method of awarding these prizes merits commendation, as the verdict is given by the votes of the exhibitors themselves.

The Proctor prize, by a large majority, went to E. Irving Couse for No. 13, "Digging Potatoes," a delicious canvas in which strength of treatment rivals the poetic sentiment. This is not a "Man with the Hoe" style of picture—it is more human; not "the brother of the ox," but the human family in its purest relation, is counterfeited with insinuating charm.

Frank de Haven's "Nightfall" will adorn the club rooms hereafter as the choicest landscape shown.

Few of the paintings raise ructions with their neighbors, as the hanging was well high perfect; and a harmonious ensemble adds greatly to the favorable critique which must be passed on the individual numbers. The weakest may not be sent into limbo.

Space does not permit to divert on the merits of most of the canvases. Suffice it to say that Geo. Elmer Browne's picture, "Winter," a scene along the waterfront of Brooklyn Borough, at once secured a purchaser. It may be conceded to be the best painting the artist has done. W. H. Drake's "The Road to the Sea," is likewise superior to previous efforts, as is the case with Van Laer's "The Pond, Evening," Wetzel's "The Close of Day," Collier's "After the Storm," Dellenbaugh's "Nightfall," Addison Millar's "A Misty Night, Sag Harbor," Francis Wattson's "Moonlight." Many of the other men have given work which gives indubitable proofs of talent and zeal.

J. N. Marble's "Portrait of Dr. Hunt," is a characteristic reproduction, the mobile lines of this clever *causeur's* face being caught at the happiest moment. The portrait of Miss Jessie, the daughter of Thomson Willing, limned by J. Allen St. John, possesses the graceful charm of childhood, portrayed with that manifestation of latent power which denotes a sure hand and the true artistic spirit of the successful portraitist.

Application to a member will secure admission to this exhibition.

* * *

Handicapped by his father's eminence, it is surprising how well the name of Inness, Jr., on canvas exposed at the passing shows, demands attention for its individual worth. While his landscapes are suggestive of the older Inness's influence, his figure pieces gainsay any suggestion of imitation. It is peculiar that in the canvases where the human figure, cattle, or sheep are the main parts, with the landscape as accessory, this landscape presents far more individuality than is shown in the others.

The score of canvases now shown at the Clausen Gallery

demonstrate this to the full. There are certain technical qualities about these paintings, as in textures, foliage and light management, which declare the well-grounded student of the art. The compositions further give evidence of inventiveness and strength. In many of the paintings there is an exalted expression of nobility and character. The exhibition should be seen by all means.

* * *

The Midwood Club of Flatbush, Brooklyn, harbors a superior collection of American paintings, loaned by Mr. H. Wood Sullivan, among which some canvases by Frederick W. Kost and some compositions by Benjamin Eggleston are of surpassing merit.

* * *

Whatever may be said of the American exhibit in the Art Palace in Paris, whether it fairly represents the American artists or not—some claim that some of the best men not being there, it is an unfair representation—I would thus early call attention to the Pan-American Exhibition in Buffalo to be held next year. There will be given an opportunity for all men to be seen and appreciated.

It will be a better opportunity than Chicago offered in 1893, when the abundance of foreign work put the American section in the shade. The best men should give their best efforts to this exhibition, which promises to offer opportunities which have never before opened themselves for our native painters and sculptors.

* * *

Some one writes me: "What schools do you consider the best to buy to give the most complete satisfaction: the pleasure of having paintings that will grow on one, and also the sense that the monetary value (if it is possible to be mercenary in art love) is not depreciating, but more likely to increase."

There are three schools which to my mind answer exactly to these requirements. The best, most individual men should be selected, and the results will show that their works, while being "a joy forever," will also be a safe investment.

These three schools are the American, the modern Dutch, and the Glasgow schools.

* * *

An artist to whom I referred in the last number as being in danger of becoming "an imitator of imitators," writes to know what artist he seems to be in danger of imitating.

To which I reply that imitators is in the plural, and no single artist was indicated. The point to which I call attention is that some of the younger men are apparently trying hard to emulate a few would-be tonalists, and endeavor with glazing and other more mechanical devices to produce a certain richness in color which savors of affectation.

We have some sincere and strong tonalists: Rix, Murphy, Minor may be considered of the first rank. There are others that are unable by patient work or control of the pigment to produce the richness of quality so desirable in a painting.

Some of these resort to peculiar practices to produce these results. I know of one who had a landscape finished in shrill livid greens, which did not suit an intending purchaser. He wanted it richer and deeper in color.

Easily done. Toned to order.

The artist took a bottle with oil in which he poured some raw umber, such as is used for staining wood, and after shaking thoroughly, proceeded to rub the painting all over with the mixture; a half dozen hard rubbings with the soft cloths and the job was done—beautifully toned.

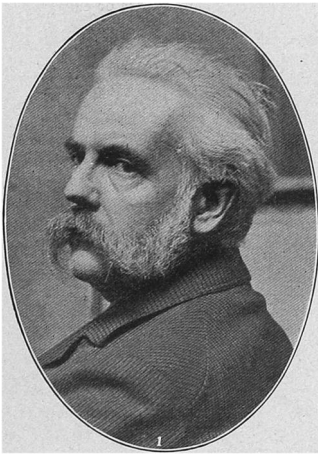
Our younger men should follow sincere workers of merit, and eschew examples which, like a will-o'-the-wisp, will lead them in sloughs from which extrication will be difficult.

* * *

How careful buyers of old pictures should be was instanced a few weeks ago. An old canvas was shown me which was said to be by Guido Reni, and to represent "Lucretia Stabbing

Herself." A painting with that title was sold in 1850 at the Ashburnham sale in London for £410. It was said that the buyer had taken it to the Continent, and after some vicissitudes it had come to the Museum in Havana, as evidence of which there was on the back of the picture in quite official form, a seal and inscription, *Museo de Habana*, with the signature of the director.

A friend of mine, leaving for Cuba, undertook to investigate, and found that the name of the director, so-called, was borne some years ago by a second-hand dealer whose shop, in Spanish grandiloquence, was called Museo de Habana, and that no other museum of any pretension had ever existed in Havana. The painting proved, therefore, to be a very good copy of the Ashburnham picture, doctored to pass as genuine.



GEORGE H. McCORD.

Mention must also be made of the McCord paintings now on exhibition at the Macbeth gallery. This painstaking artist of great attainments was never better than in the coast scene, where the spray and spume of the rock-beaten waves fill the entire composition with the moisture of a stormy day. Whether he takes night effects or balmy spring morning, seascape or *paysagery*, the artist is ever to be commended for successful effort.

* * *

Charles Blanc, the French writer on art, has said truly that "Rembrandt, the greatest of etchers, knew how to produce on the smooth surface of the copperplate effects strange and unexpected, mysterious tones, fantastic lights and silent shadows."

At the Grolier Club these words are proved in a remarkably fine exhibit of the etchings of this wizard of the copperplate. While Bartsch a hundred years ago catalogued 375 thought-to-be-genuine plates, this number has been gradually reduced by Middleton, Michel, von Seidlitz and Sir Seymour Haden, until now the accepted number of plates is 260, of which number 187 are shown here, some of these in various states. These have been acquired by the present owners from some of the best collections, like the Didot, Seymour Haden, Liphart, Ruhl, Burleigh James, Howard Camberlyn, Danby Seymour, Prince Parr, Cambridge University duplicates, and many other collections.

That Rembrandt was not always successful in giving his own likeness in his self-portraits, is shown in a number of these. His best known one, "Rembrandt Leaning on a Stone

Sill," is, however, an exquisite production, in which here the various states may be followed as the first state does not extend the band of the cap over the hair, which he later added. The portrait of "Burgomaster-Six" shows refinement of line, grace of pose and exquisite chiaroscuro. The first state of the portrait of Young Haaring has the rich velvety black, which is in the next state worked up again, with lines retouched, especially noticeable in the hair and the gloves. The three "Oriental Heads" shown here have been considered by Seymour Haden the apogee of etching.

Of special interest are the two states of the well-known plate, "Christ before Pilate," where the first, which is freer and stronger and with greater dash, shows the mob gathered in front of the platform. This is removed in the next state, where the arches of an open vault yawn under Pilate's elevated station; the elaboration of pillars and figures did not enhance the value of the composition. Of the famous "hundred guilder print," as "Christ Healing the Sick" is called, we find again the second state better than the first; it is especially fine in the intentional, deep rich shadows of the background. Many other well-known plates, like "The Three Trees," and an "Old Woman Sitting with a Shawl over Her Head," are found in the exhibit.

Rembrandt's technical power made him a master of direct expression, while he ever drew an element of picturesqueness out of the most commonplace things. What he had to say with his needle, he did more varied, more eloquent and forcible than any aquafortist before or since his time.

Like always, the catalogue to this exhibition is a brochure of value, containing among other things an exhaustive bibliography on the life and etched works of the master.

* * *

An amusing instance of rectitude which leans backward and topples over came out in the Bonner sale. No. 56 of the catalogue, "Dutch Landscape," had the following note appended:

"This canvas is signed 'Hobbema.' The owner wishes it stated that he does not consider the picture characteristic of the artist, and he did not buy it under the impression that Hobbema painted it. However, it is a very interesting Dutch landscape, and there is no reason to doubt its age. Few modern painters could more effectively, yet without exaggeration, have rendered the effect of sunlight shining between widely spaced trees. Had truth to values been more considered, the foreground and the more distant parts would bear a better relation to one another. This picture is to be sold on its merits as a canvas, without regard as to who painted it."

The naivete of this dilettante expertism is most touching. The truth is that the very points the owner so foolishly raised are points in its favor, while certain peculiar characteristics, especially in the leafage and shadows, declare this to be an undubitable Hobbema. The bidders who held back because of this note may well be chagrined, while the purchaser has every ground to congratulate himself.

* * *

The note in the last number on the commercial spirit in art, as it takes hold of the painter, has brought out various expressions of approval. Said one: "An artist who calculates how much he is going to get for his picture while painting it, is not a true artist."

This nefarious influence is, however, also working among collectors of a certain kind.

A cultured gentleman said to me the other day, while speaking of such a one: "That man has no true, elevating love for art, for he wants always to sell." A certain club has been called "a club of picture swappers," and at my club, someone, speaking of this, bet me a bird and a bottle that he could name a prominent sale which would take place within a year.

I took him up, for I think it will be two years before the sale takes place.

A love of art because it gives a chance for bargaining and

trading is not sincere. Nor are those to be commended as true patrons of art whose only aim in collecting is to get together a quantity of paintings which later, with the cachet of their names as art patrons and connoisseurs, may return them a handsome profit on the investment. For a time they may have a following of artists who see an opening to market their products, but the better ones of these even know well enough and deprecate the ulterior motives of such trade purposes.

Most collectors have best learned by their first foolish purchases true connoisseurship. It is natural and perfectly legitimate that they weed out such stepping-stones, and they do not begrudge the sacrifice in values which they often have to make; but the limit is reached when the purchaser descends to the strenuous schemes of the hawk.

* * *

The Board of Trustees of the Corcoran Art Gallery have decided to abolish the office of curator of the gallery recently made vacant by the death of Dr. F. S. Barbarin and have substituted the position of Director, to which office Mr. Frederick B. McGuire of Washington, for many years a member of the Board of Trustees, has been unanimously elected.

* * *

The Salmagundi Club Ex-Libris sale of twenty-four mugs decorated by members, was highly successful, \$613 being realized, as against \$397 last year.

The highest bid for first choice was made at \$100, by George Inness, Jr., who selected Frederick Naegele's mug, which he later transferred to G. W. Bailey, Jr., of Bridgeport, Conn. The next highest prices were \$50 for the mug decorated by the president, George H. McCord, which went to J. Sanford Saltus. George Inness, Jr., bought for \$50 C. W. Eaton's; E. Potthast's went for \$45 to W. T. Evans; G. W. Bailey, Jr., bought for \$36 a good example of L. C. Earle's work, and the mug on which Harry Fenn had painted the Club's bookplate, went to S. T. Shaw for \$35.

* * *

The watercolor exhibition held by the Philadelphia Art Club has been a most successful one. Not only was the standard of artistic merit high, but the appreciation of the visitors was shown in that sixty-one examples were sold, which, I believe, is the largest number ever reached by any American exhibition.

* * *

The Washington Times' art critic thus pays his respect to a local exhibition:

"The Veerhoff gallery last week was ablaze with the most magnificent lot of frames that were ever shown there. The pictures these frames contain are of so low a grade of art that they merit no critical attention. Mr. Hillard is a prosperous and agreeable gentleman, but the splendor—as to frames—of his advent into Washington, while it does credit to his business sagacity, is not calculated to make friends for him among the earnest painters here."

* * *

A well authenticated portrait of George Washington, by Charles Wilson Peale, was recently sold at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries for \$3700.

* * *

An interesting exhibition is being held in Boston of the work of the California painter, Charles Walter Stetson. This artist possesses great imaginative faculties, has an admirable control over delicate light effects and infuses his canvases with subtle suggestion and poetic feeling. His figures have lissome grace and beauty of expression.

* * *

A London correspondent writes enthusiastically about two exhibitions now being held there, one at the Guildhall, the other at the New Gallery.

In the latter place he finds the chief attraction to be Sargent's portrait of a child, although his portrait of General Ian Hamilton is admitted to be of surpassing merit. The works of Watts, Collier, Brangwyn, Stott, East, Parsons and Boughton are especially noted.

At the Guildhall there is a loan collection of the work of British artists, among which are Whistler's portrait of Thomas Carlyle, Sargent's portrait of Miss Astor, Holman Hunt's "The Shadow of Death," Alma Tadema's "An Audience at Agrippa's," and several works of the Glasgow school.

The advance guard of American tourists will have an excellent opportunity to see these representative exhibitions of British art.

* * *

The current part of "Die Kunst unserer Zeit" is again a one man's number, being devoted to Giovanni Segantini, twenty-four of whose

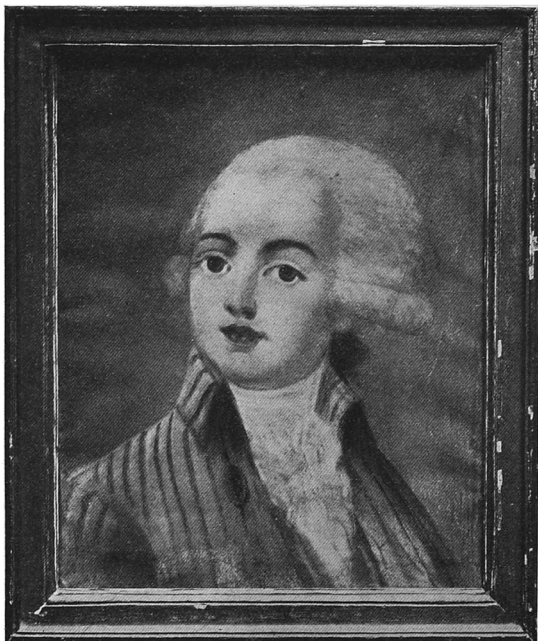
works are illustrated, six by full plate photogravures, the remainder by the half-tone process inserted in the text. This text is a critical essay by Graf S. C. von Soissons, whose effort declares an appreciative knowledge of the painter's inner personality, which does not, however, bias a critical judgment which is singularly fair and just. Segantini's death on the 20th of September, last year, makes this a worthy memorial.

* * *

The April number of "Masters in Art" was devoted to Holbein, the May number, just received, takes up Botticelli. This new monthly is admirably fulfilling its promises in giving scholarly monographs, made up of excerpts, chosen with keen erudition, of the great leaders in the realm of the graphic art. The successive numbers should be found in every art library.

* * *

The A. Z. Hyman bill, offered at the session of the Legislature, has become a law by the signature of Governor Roosevelt. This bill amends the university law by providing that art societies incorporated under its provisions may hold exhibitions and charge an admission fee, the proceeds to be used for maintenance or enlargement.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

At the age of 18 years.

This pastel portrait of Washington was given by Washington to his friend, Capt. Vennamon, who was the head of a family with, whom he was on terms of great intimacy. The portrait shows Washington at the age of about 17 or 18.

On the death of Capt. Vennamon, which occurred about seventy-five years ago, at Marcus Hook, Pa., fifteen miles south of Philadelphia, in which place he was buried, the portrait passed into the possession of Mrs. Vennamon who bequeathed it to Maria Vennamon Williamson, her niece, who was named for the Vennamon family. This lady gave the portrait to her daughter, and from her it passed to Mrs. Baker, who was also named for the Vennamon family. When in need of money, this lady sold it to her daughter, Margaretta H. Baker, who was then of age. Mrs. Baker died six years ago. Miss Margaretta H. Baker's uncle, Mr. Williamson, is over seventy and very feeble and never writes, but his wife says that he does not remember whether the picture was a legacy from Capt. Vennamon or not, but he knows that after the Captain's death it was given by the Captain's wife to Marie Vennamon Williamson, who was her niece. The portrait is now in the possession of J. M. Bouton, 10 West Twenty-eighth street, this city, and may be seen on application.